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TUFTS COLLEGE MEDICAL SCHOOL, BOSTON, MASS.

Changes in Entrance Requirements in 1914.

At a meeting of the Faculty of Tufts College Medical School held April 18, 1913, in accordance with a recent ruling of the Association of American Medical Colleges, of which this school is a member, the following action was taken:

VOTED: That after January 1, 1914, one year of college work in Physics, Chemistry, Biology and either French or German, equal to the work done in the freshman year in standard colleges and universities, in addition to a completed four years course in an accredited high school, shall be required for admission to Tufts College Medical School.

Tufts College Medical School is prepared to give the one-year pre-medical course in its building in Boston, and will begin the first course October 1, 1913.

Full details regarding the course will be furnished upon application to the Secretary.

The requirements for admission in the session 1913-14 will remain as previously stated in the catalog.

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TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL

HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE, MCMXIII

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DEDICATION

The senior class of Taunton High School
in the year nineteen hundred and thirteen
hereby dedicates this journal:

To the Faculty, who have so earnestly co-
operated with us in making our four years of
high school life a success.

THE TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

STAFF:

Edward G. Burns, *Editor*
Palmer C. Williams, *Business Manager*
Rolf C. Syvertsen, *Assistant*

EDITORIAL



OW that we have for the most part successfully completed our high school careers, we wonder whether we can be of real use in the world. Can we be vital factors in the uplift of our city?

We, who have labored earnestly through four years of profitable high school work, should be valuable assets to the city which has provided us with so helpful an educational system. Our gratitude for what the city has done for us can best be repaid by living honest, patriotic lives devoted to good citizenship. We are on the brink of a new future, and only courage and energy can carry us through prosperously. We must remember that the battle is not lost so long as we have a leg to stand on and a gun to fire.

The class of 1913 parts now to launch out into different careers, yet we all approach the junction of two roads,—success and failure. Naturally, we all prefer that first road. But it is not always easy to follow this path. Adversity, Envy, Worry, and Care may overtake us, and much courage will be needed to keep us from falling back into the deep chasm of failures. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the unpardonable sin is *to be afraid*. Courage is the first virtue. It is the buttress against which, as against a rock, the flood of disaster beats in vain.

Ideals should now be formed and followed out. The reward of all good work is the ability to do more and better work. Education, progress, advancement, whatever term you may apply to the idea, is growth. It means development, the breaking away from habit, and the branching out into pastures new. We must not be parasites, living, as it were, on the success of a partner, a friend, or the name of a father or brother. It will be good to work out problems independently and learn to stand on our own feet. Be indispensable to somebody. Join the great army of desirables.

With these things in mind, let us look forward and upward, and when in search of a tonic for success, place this one thought before all others—*courage*.

As we carefully sum up the events of the past four years we cannot help feeling proud of the remarkable showing in athletics made by our Taunton High School boys. Yet during this time many problems have come up before the athletic association, and it is only within the past few months that the accounts of that body have been made to balance. Perhaps the greatest problem of all, and the one in which every student, alumnus, and supporter should be especially interested, is *the want of a new athletic field*.

It has been the custom, up to the present time, to play all athletic contests at the Fair Grounds, and this place has met with the approval of everyone. But the Anawan Club has leased these grounds at a price that is felt to be too high for the High School to pay, so we are forced to seek a new

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field. Through the kindness of Mr. Davol, we have been able to use the playground during the baseball season, but the condition of the grounds and the lack of the necessary fence make this field impracticable for high school use. So the time now approaches when we feel that we must have an athletic field of our own.

Rise then all you loyal students, alumni, and supporters of the T. H. S., and help start a subscription for the new field, so that within the course of another year we may be able to stand on a par with the other prominent high schools of Massachusetts, and make our contests better and more profitable than ever before.



THE SONG OF THE WIND

Since the Age of Man,—
Since the world began,—
I have lived and breathed and moved;
From the birth of Time,
O'er every clime,
I have journeyed and wandered and
 roved.

My zephyrs calm
Have stirred the palm
On Egypt's scorching plain;
My powerful gales
Have filled the sails
Of the galleons of Spain.

My cooling breeze
Shall stir the trees
In New England towns to-day;
My circling gust
Shall eddy the dust
That lies on the Appian Way.

My mad typhoons
O'er Malay lagoons
Shall whirl the white foam far;
My freezing breath
Shall whisper of death
Where the ice-packs grind and jar.

I shall still blow on
When man is gone,
And the earth turns shrivelled and
 cold,—
I have drunk, forsooth,
Of the Fountain of Youth,
I shall live,—and never grow old.

W. A. H. '12

THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1913

THE History of the Class of 1913! How many pleasant memories are brought up by these simple words: remembrances of contests lost and triumphs won; of friendships made, and experiences gained.

In the fall of 1909 a band of boys and girls from the various grammar schools of the city came to the Taunton High School and formed the class of 1913. With great amazement we wandered through the corridors vainly trying to find the sacred portals of the senior room or the unknown realms of the mathematics department. It was not long before we assembled in the hall and held our first class meeting, electing the following officers: President, Sheldon Goodrich; Vice president, Marion Dean; Secretary, Vincent Coleman; Treasurer, Muriel Swift. The colors, blue and gold, were selected, and a pin bearing the city seal. The rest of the year passed pleasantly and uneventfully save for the death of our friend and classmate, Marjorie Dawson.

Just before the beginning of our sophomore year the whole school was saddened by the death of our much-loved Latin teacher, Miss Mary Hamer. Later, on returning to school, we found a new principal and an entirely changed atmosphere. Now for the first time we all took great pleasure in treating the poor "Freshies" as others had treated us. A few of our number, overcome by the three sets of examinations then inflicted upon us, joined the ranks of the great outside world. Thus passed our second year.

Then came the junior year, the most important of all. Having lost three of our officers we held a meeting and

elected Dorothy Fox, vice-president; Mary Starrett, secretary; and Albert Poole, treasurer. In February, rehearsals for the Class Play were begun. On March 29 under the direction of Mr. Willard Morse, "Keeping Aunt Theodosia in the Dark" was presented with the following cast: Helen Hodges, Rosamond Leonard, Julia Allen, Mary Starrett, Alfred Baylies, Sheldon Goodrich, Edward Burns, and James White. The comedy was very funny, and the audience felt duly entertained. The cast did remarkably well, and the play was a great success. During this year many of our boys excelled in athletics and the class bade fair to produce some star players.

At last we were ushered into the exalted ranks of the senior class. Since September we have walked with heads held high and with hearts unsympathetic for the poor underclassmen. Perhaps some of us may give the unhappy impression that we know it all, but way down deep in our hearts we acknowledge that there is still quite a good deal to learn. A few of us have ploughed through four years of Latin and wonder how we ever did it. Others have become so well versed in the ways of the commercial department that we are now doing competent work in that line. And all of us have attained that end to which we have looked forward for four long years.

Though we are about to cross the threshold into the great outer world, we shall always remember, with loyalty and pride, even when separated from our childhood companions and school-day associations, the class of '13 and our good old Taunton High School.

D. FOX, 1913.



SHELDON B. GOODRICH
PRESIDENT



DOROTHY L. FOX
VICE-PRESIDENT



MARY K. STARRETT
SECRETARY



G. ALBERT POOLE
TREASURER

THE FRECKLED GHOST.

CHARLOTTE Miller gazed thoughtfully at the ridges of the Virginia hills which rose blue and distant against the cloudless sky. She was lounging comfortably in the little den of the Miller's cheery home, idly turning the pages of the morning paper. Charlotte was a pleasant looking girl about sixteen years old, with sparkling blue eyes, a nose a bit snubbed, and a quantity of light, fluffy hair. Soft splashy freckles, a source of great anxiety to her, were sprinkled liberally over her face, and she eagerly sought a remedy for this affliction which seemed quite unbearable. She was thinking of this trouble as she looked out over the far-away mountains, when the light breeze from the open window blew the newspaper from her lap and sent it rustling to the floor. As she stooped to pick it up, the glaring black letters of an advertisement in the lower corner of the last page attracted her attention.

WHY HAVE FRECKLES?

THESE BLEMISHES POSITIVELY REMOVED BY MY NEW AND WONDERFUL COMPOUND! DR. FLETCHER'S CREAM WILL CURE THE MOST EXTREME CASES IN A SINGLE NIGHT!

Write for your jar today!

Price only \$1.00

Fill out coupon and send to address below.

Charlotte read this through eagerly several times, and suddenly she was filled with a desire to send for this

wonderful cream and banish the despised freckles. She decided to purchase the cream without consulting any of the family, so that after the necessary application she might appear at the breakfast table and amaze them all by her sudden change of complexion, and,—joy of all joys—her brother Dick could no longer torment her with the hated nickname of Freckles. As luck would have it, both Mr. and Mrs. Miller had gone into town that morning, and her brother was also away. Liza, the portly colored cook, alone was at home, and Charlotte could hear her lusty voice raised in a weird melody as it floated in through the open window. Liza was a very emotional person given to seeing visions and receiving signs from the spirits in the other world, and after one of these "spells," her songs were louder and more startling than ever. She was also a firm believer in ghosts and was in constant terror of meeting one.

Charlotte, sure of no interruption from this quarter, sprang from the window-seat, and hurried up the stairs to her own room. When she had filled out the necessary coupon, she ran to her bureau and took from a drawer a clean dollar bill which she had been saving to buy a new set of ribbons. Enclosing this in an envelope with the coupon, she ran to the nearest mail-box to post it.

A few days later, the postman appeared with a package addressed to

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Charlotte. Dick happened to receive the mail that day, and Charlotte entered the hall just as the postman was handing the package to him. Instantly divining what it was, and realizing that all would be lost if her brother found out the contents of the package, she snatched it from his outstretched hands and started to climb the stairs. Dick thought that something strange must be up, and dropping the mail into a convenient chair, he started in pursuit. But fear lent wings to Charlotte's feet, and she reached her own room, threw down the package, and slammed the door just as he was about to enter. Hiding the bundle in a safe place, she went out again, carefully locking the door behind her and slipping the key into the pocket of her blouse. Although Dick tried his best to trick the girl into telling him what was in the mysterious package, all the satisfaction he could get was that he should know all about it on the following day.

Never had a day seemed so long to Charlotte as this one. Long before her usual bedtime she said good night to the family, and locked herself in her room safe from prying eyes. She unwrapped the precious bundle and read the directions through carefully. Then scooping up a generous portion of the strong-smelling stuff, she smeared it thickly over her face, plastering an extra layer on her nose where the freckles were thickest. The last of the directions advised that a linen mask be worn over the face to keep the cream from rubbing off. She took a handkerchief from the drawer without stopping to notice that it was her best em-

broidered one and, seizing the scissors, she cut slashes in it for her eyes and nose. Then, tying it on securely, she got into bed without looking to see what a startling picture she made.

About twelve o'clock that night, Liza entered the house and started up the kitchen stairs to bed. She had been out later than usual, for she had just returned from an extra long and jubilant revival meeting. The service had been unusually trying, and Liza's nerves were in an unsettled condition. As she glanced upward, she saw an apparition which made her grow rigid with terror. A weird, white figure with a distorted, deathly-pale face was gliding silently towards her, shedding an unearthly light from its garments. Suddenly a blood curdling yell rang through the house, and Liza slid shrieking to the floor and cowered in the corner.

"Lo de Lawd! Lo de Lawd!" she moaned, "It's done came at las'! De ghos' done came at las'! What am pore Liza gwine ter do! What is I gwine ter do!"

Meanwhile the whole household had been aroused by Liza's cries. At almost the same moment, Mr. Miller and Dick rushed from their rooms and both began to grope for the electric switch. Mr. Miller was the first to find it, and just as he flooded the hall with light, Mrs. Miller appeared upon the scene. The sight which met her eyes was truly a strange one. Mr. Miller and Dick, standing side by side, with their tousled hair wildly on end, were gazing in a stupefied way at a still, white form standing at the head of the stairs. Both had been sleeping soundly when

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roused by Liza's shrieks, and neither of them was more than half awake. At the bottom of the stairs Liza was crouched in an attitude of prayer, shaking with fear, and uttering strange, terrified moans. Each seemed waiting for the other to do something towards investigating the matter, when the mysterious ghost (for that is what the stranger appeared to be) made a sudden spring for the door of Charlotte's room. But Mr. Miller intercepted it, and seized it by the arm as the "ghost" was about to dodge past him. The sudden movement caused the mask to fall from the intruder's face. To everyone's surprise there stood before them, with a very red face, and looking as if she were about to cry, none other than Charlotte Miller!

"What has happened? What have you done?" cried her mother in alarm.

Charlotte hung her head but said nothing.

"Come, Charlotte, explain yourself!" said her father in the tone which the children knew meant trouble for the one who refused to obey him.

"I despised my horrid freckles," began Charlotte miserably, "and when I saw an advertisement in the *Herald* telling of a cure for them I sent for it."

"Was that the package that came this morning?" interrupted Dick!

Charlotte looked at him defiantly.

"Before I went to bed I put some on my face and covered it with a mask to keep the cream from rubbing off," she continued, "But my face felt hot and I

couldn't sleep so I got up for a drink of water. If Liza hadn't seen me and screamed, it would have been all right," she ended. "I was going to give you such a lovely surprise."

As Mrs. Miller looked more closely at Charlotte's face, she saw that the skin was a flaming, angry red. She quickly drew the girl into her own room and began gently to sponge off the cream that had not yet been absorbed.

Dick, who had quickly taken in the situation, followed his mother and sister, and executing a lively pas seul around the pair, he enlivened them with his cheerful remarks.

"Use Dr. Skinflint's marvelous lotion," he mimicked. "A hundred years' progress discounted by the discovery of this superb concoction."

"Venus's charms pale before those of the damsel who has used but one application of this world-astounding eradicator. This wonderful invention is equalled only by the famous Panama Canal," he cried growing somewhat incoherent in his excitement. "One removes an isthmus from the map and the other removes the map."

Mr. and Mrs. Miller knew that Charlotte had already had punishment enough for her vanity, and ordered Richard to be silent.

The matter soon dropped. In a few days the girl's complexion quite lost its resemblance to an exploded tomato cannery, but the freckles still remained. Charlotte gave up all desire to banish freckles, however, but Liza holds more firmly than ever to her belief in ghosts. K. S. P. '13

CADET EVENTS IN CLASS OF 1913

THREE years ago last September, over thirty members of the class of 1913 joined the cadets by signing the Constitution of the organization. After drilling tediously in marching movements and in the manual of arms under the instruction of Major Danforth, the company was formed for the year with Frank E. Smith, Captain; Frederick A. Tripp, First Lieutenant; and Harold S. Miner, Second Lieutenant. There was a social in October, but the recruits did not appear in uniform until Thanksgiving when they made a great hit in their new, well-fitting uniforms. At the semi-annual prize drill in December, Private Seaman captured the second medal. For the first time, a new medal, for excellence in the setting-up drill, was offered by ex-lieutenant Townsend. This was not won by a recruit. Owing to the large number of recruits a battalion was formed in February with the previously named officers ranking as Major, Senior, and Junior Captains, and Raymond P. Walker, First Lieutenant, Adjutant. At the junior drill Private Phillips won the medal, and Privates Baylies and Boyden were granted Honorable Mention. Captain Miner, greatly supported by some of the recruits, won the Fish Cup. Since the cadets' exchequer was so small, camp was out of the question. They therefore picnicked for the day at Rhodes-on-Pawtuxet.

In September, 1910, with ranks somewhat depleted, the remaining members of the class of 1913 went to work with

a will to try to get recruits to join the organization. Many were not influenced by arguments of physical up-building or of manliness in carriage. Major Danforth's remark: "If you expect to give orders and to have them obeyed, you must learn to obey them yourself," still holds good. The cost of uniforms was one feature which hindered enrollment and still keeps desirable men away. It may be permissible to say here that satisfactory uniforms can be had from concerns which will charge from forty to fifty per cent less than the price which the cadets at present have to pay.

Although the second year men took the military examination, they could not hold office, for there were not enough vacancies because numbers were lacking for a battalion. The officers appointed were: Henry H. Dunbar, Captain; John J. Carroll, First Lieutenant; and John H. Hall, Second Lieutenant. The question of a new constitution was argued, and a committee was appointed but nothing was accomplished. Nothing eventful happened at the Thanksgiving Social or at the December Drill, but at the April Drill, Private Baylies was awarded second





ROLF C. SYVERTSEN, 2ND LIEUT.
E. MALCOLM PHILLIPS, 1ST LIEUT. CLARENCE W. BOYDEN, CAPT.

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prize. After the junior drill there was money enough left for another outing at "Rhodes."

In October 1910, William R. Anthony was appointed Captain; Lawrence D. Robinson, First Lieutenant; and Bicknell Hall Jr., Second Lieutenant. At the December Drill Private Baylies won the first prize.

On the first of January 1912, much to the regret of the cadets, Major Danforth was granted a leave of absence, for during his many years as instructor he had earned the respect of everyone. Lieutenant Hopkins of the 9th. Co. was chosen to fill the vacancy. In April, just before the prize drill, the following Corporals were appointed by Major Danforth: A. L. Baylies, C. W. Boyden, E. M. Phillips, R. C. Syvertsen, and P. C. Williams.

At the first meeting of the present organization, a committee consisting of Frederick A. Irving, Palmer C. Williams, and Alfred L. Baylies was chosen to draw up amendments to the Constitution in order that the articles might conform to the customs in vogue at that time. Necessary amendments were presented and accepted, and now the Constitution of the Cadets can be

enforced and, in order to have an organization, must be enforced. One requirement was that of good attendance, which, with commanding ability, counts for credit and also plays a great part in choosing of officers. Lieutenant Hopkins appointed Clarence W. Boyden, Captain; E. Malcolm Phillips, First Lieutenant; and Rolf C. Syvertsen, Second Lieutenant. The November Social held on the evening after Thanksgiving was a successful affair, as was also the December Drill at which Sergeants Williams and Johnston were awarded the second and third prizes respectively. At the April Drill, Private Seaman won first place, and at the junior drill in June, after a hard fought battle, Lieutenant Syvertsen won the Fish Cup.

There is a good sum of money in the treasury owing to the carefully kept accounts of the treasurer who is the head of the business department at the school. The graduating members of the cadets look forward to "Honorable Discharges," which by enforcement of the Constitution are to be granted after the presentation of diplomas on the evening of graduation.

W. '13

NOTES

WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE—
Baylies come to school alone.
Somebody buy *Duffy* a shave.
"Boob" *Anthony* diet for a week.
"Polly" *Manter* bat in "Ty" Cobb's class.
Higginbotham calling on a Raynham belle.
Mather talking to a girl.
Atkin's hair "mussed up."
"Cicero" *Lincoln* champion welter-weight.

Dunlap stay in Dighton for a day.
Wilde without that expansive grin.
Haywood get reckless.
F. Irving become commander-in-chief of the U. S. A.

Hallahan (translating in Latin):—
"Speaking thus, she kept silent."

Miss Hass (in French)—"His ear was fixed on the wall."

Three Pictures in the Life of Grant.

IN a gloomy, ill-smelling leather store in a tiny town in mid-Illinois, wrestling with huge bundles of hides, and examining, sorting, and selling harnesses and saddles, shoe-findings, and all the petty articles of the leather trade, a man in the prime of life is sweating and straining to provide for his family. His countenance is of a reserved and sober, almost sullen cast; the lines in his face are a little too deep and sharply defined, as if induced by dissipation or disappointment; his whole slipshod, shabby appearance is that of a broken, ambitionless man; but when his eyes are lifted, they peer out from under their heavy brows with a keen, daring glance, and what little can be seen of his thin lips and square chin, through the stubbly moustache and beard, gives the impression of unbounded will-power. To look at his shoulders slightly rounded before their time, one would hardly recognize him as a veteran, who had seen active service, not in the ranks, but as an officer, a captain, a West Point man. The very position he now holds, he occupies only through favor. The store is his father's. His growing family usually manage to struggle along on his meager salary, for in such a town, only a few years removed from the frontier, their wants are few; still they have had to turn now and then to relatives for support. The neighbors look upon their fellow-townsmen with the half-scorn, half-pity, with which the world regards the man who has made a failure of his life, and, with the most glowing pros-

pects, has achieved only a dependent living for his family.

Two years later; the scene, a tent on the bank of the Cumberland in Tennessee. In the deep gloom within, a man is seated on a box, his elbow on a small table; his head in his hand; one might think he slept but for the glowing spark between his teeth and the smoke of strong Kentucky tobacco. And well he might sleep. All day and indeed nearly all week the cannon have roared, the shells burst, and the muskets rattled incessantly; and he has directed the whole. The fortress is now at his mercy. One more charge will carry it, and although the morrow is Sunday, he is now planning the details of that last attack; which brigade, which regiment, even which company shall be stationed at each point. There is a slight disturbance outside, the voice of his sentry challenges, and a moment afterwards, the flap is lifted, and a young figure in the gray uniform and garnet sash of a rebel aide-de-camp enters saluting, "With General Buckners' compliments," and he extends a folded document. A moment's silence, while the other, now standing, reads the paper; then the latter clips out decisively, "No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." And he steps to the opening and escorts the emissary from the tent. As the evening light falls on his unkempt, bared head and disordered attire, his face looks strangely familiar.

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There is the same reserved cast to his features, but the sullenness is gone; the lines on his countenance serve only to increase its dignity; his coat, though wrinkled and stained, bears the starred shoulder-straps of a brigadier general; while his eyes now never cast down except in thought, his chin firmer than ever, and his straightened back, are those of a man come into his own.

A little over three years later, this time in Virginia, in a small room in a weather-beaten, battlescarred cottage near Appomattox, the same figure is seated, more careworn and, if possible, more dishevelled, but even more dignified. But for the stars on his saddle and mud-stained uniform, half military, half civilian, his quiet self-control, in contrast to the uneasy excitement of his companions, and his indefinable bearing of a leader, it would be hard to pick him as the field commander of all the military resources of a great nation. A sudden hush falls as a slim, white-haired, patriarchal form enters and uncovering, salutes. A firm hand-shake, a few moments of quiet, purposeful talk, of definite ques-

tions and equally definite answers, and with a sigh the newcomer draws up to a table and signs the surrender of his army. Then the same voice that had settled the fate of Donelson by its dictum of unconditional surrender, and had disheartened Richmond by declaring that he "Would fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," now burst forth with a message of peace: "Take your horses home with you; you will need them for your spring plowing!"

Such a man was Ulysses S. Grant. Whatever justice there may have been in the charges which led to his resignation of his commission before the war, whatever his lack of will-power in his private affairs, none can say he did not exhibit, when the interests of the nation were at stake, indomitable determination and resolution, bravery even to recklessness, and firmness of conviction almost to obstinacy. And when he had accomplished his purpose, butchery, if you will, he turned the other side of his character, and aided and protected his beaten adversaries.

F. C. '07.

A GEOMETRY FIGHT.

A "dropped a perpendicular" on B. They "square" off. B "circumscribed" a circle about A, and A drew a "tangent" to B. The "proposition" assumed a serious aspect. B "complimented" A but A "supplemented" that by "bisecting" B. The situation was "acute" and the two "figures" became "congruent and exchanged" alternate "interior" at short range. B led a "transversal" from just the "right an-

gle". The affair was more "constant than variable" and fast "approached the limit," when suddenly A strained a "chord" as he placed a few "face angles" on B's "altitude" and they broke on even "terms."

Prof:—"Suppose I give you that proposition the next time you come to class?"

Gallagher:—"I'll be absent."

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Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1913

WE, the class of 1913, of the Taunton High School, in the County of Bristol, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, feeling that our finish is in the near future, do hereby revoke, annul, and declare void, all wills and codicils, previous to this date, and do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament, making the following dispositions:—

First:—To the class of '14, we bequeath, with the sincerest sympathy, our lofty position in the high school; our text-books, with interlinear translations, answers to problems, etc.; all desks, chairs, pencils, and other personal effects, which may by chance survive us; the unlimited use (and abuse) of the ever increasing Mary Hamer Memorial Library; all cast-off uniforms, guns, swords, and other implements of warfare; and, lastly, the task of carrying themselves with the dignity and solemnity, with which we have been so successful in concealing our true inclinations.

Second:—To the class of '15, we bequeath and devise the privilege of conducting a successful class play; all broken test tubes, beakers, and other apparatus and all unspilled acids and H₂S which we did not have occasion to use; an endless list of legitimate excuses for unprepared lessons; and all crumbs and morsels inadvertantly dropped in or about the lunch room, unless they have already been attached by the janitor, in which case they will remain his property.

Third:—To the class of '16, we bequeath the privilege of becoming reverend seniors and graduating with honors with the proviso, however, that the

permission of the faculty is first secured; the privilege of treating with contempt and disdain the coming class of '17; and, lastly, the championship of the Interclass League, unless some other class be more desirous of that honor.

Fourth:—To the faculty, we bequeath and devise, with best wishes, the difficult task of finding as prolific an assembly of bluffers, grafters, and hot air artists, as the class of 1913 has been.

The following are personal bequests of various members of the class:

BAYLIES:—A piece of angel cake to Mitchell, '15.

BURNS:—My modesty and bashfulness to C. Goodrich, '15.

GOODRICH:—My ability to get into the room just as the second bell rings, to W. Chace, '14.

IRVING:—The captaincy of the senior team, to Wilde, '14.

LANE:—Punctures, blowouts, carburetor troubles and all other joys of joyriding to Dunlap, '14 and Leonard, '16.

MATHER:—My fascination for the ladies, to Jordan, '14.

J. WILLIAMS:—My stature, to be divided equally between Baker '14 and Forbes, '14.

P. WILLIAMS:—My valuable business managing positions to Atkins, '14.

MISS ALLEN:—Combs, hairpins, mirror, and powder puff, to Miss B. Phillips, '15.

MISS GATES:—My bewitching smiles, to G. Leonard, '15.

MISS STARRETT:—Harmonies, discords, old music, etc., to my successor on the piano stool.

K. M. L.



COACH KEARNS
ANTHONY

HIGGINBOTHAM
BOEWE

MANTER
CAPT. LOCKHART

DUFFY
POOLE

MANAGER SEAMAN
HALAHAN

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What I Shall Remember After Leaving School

WHEN I have at last acquired my diploma, and have bidden farewell to the institution, where, for the last fifteen years, I have been pursuing my studies, I should, I suppose, have glorious visions of some of the scenes with which I was surrounded during my days as a student.

But what in reality will my recollections be?

If I had lived some fifty years ago I might have written a page that would go down in history about the picturesque town pump, but as the supremacy of the town pump is now on the wane, and, in fact the species now nearly extinct, I shall dedicate this memorial to the successor of the town pump, the sanitary drinking fountain.

The sanitary drinking fountain, in the main corridor of the school which I attended, was certainly a thing of beauty although it was hardly a joy, even for a few minutes. Its environment was calculated to put the innocent bystander off his guard, and then to inflict on him tortures unspeakable. The slabs of marble which encased the small, inoffensive-looking, nickel-plated spout gave the scene the atmosphere

of a soda dispensary, but the vision of a cool refreshing drink was soon shattered when the aforesaid innocent bystander stooped, and taking hold of the small handle, gulped in a mouthful of a parboiled fluid which had once been a part of the placid waters of the Assawompset.

But suppose the innocent bystander had not been initiated into the ways and wiles of that drinking fountain. Suppose that when he turned the handle of that sanitary drinking arrangement, he turned it a fraction of an inch too far! The result would be appalling. He would stagger back half drowned and nearly scalded, for the moment the handle was turned too far the water works began operating overtime, and the little spout shot forth a stream of water large enough to extinguish a conflagration. There was no need for fire extinguishers, or an automatic sprinkler system in that school. In case of fire all that was necessary was to turn on that faucet and flee for your life.

Such are my recollections of that sanitary drinking fountain, and they are founded on actual experience.

I. R. HARDY, 1913.

NOTES

WHO KNOWS BUT THAT—
"Cy" Syvertsen will stop talking?
"Jimmie" White will be a minister?
"Homer" Tinkham will be an artist's model?
"Paris" Green will have a head like Daniel Webster?

"Ray" Hallahan will be a woman hater?
"Ginnie" McGlynn will crack a smile?
"Pimp" Lane will grow up to be a real man?
"Gus" Williams will get his hair cut?
"Greg" Burns will get E in deportment?
"Salome" Poole will study Geom?

A Few Facts about the University of Michigan

ANN Arbor is an attractive little city of 16,000 population, situated on the Huron River, thirty eight miles west of Detroit. It is on Michigan Central R. R., and Ann Arbor Toledo R. R., and is, therefore, easily reached from almost anywhere. The city itself is said to be one of the most attractive places this side of the Rocky Mountains. It is, essentially, a college town, and the few factories are not sufficient to mar its beauty.

The University was founded in 1837, and is one of the oldest Universities in this section of the country. In addition to the usual academic course, it offers courses in Law, Medicine, Forestry, Chemistry, Pharmacy, Engineering, Dentistry, and Business Administration. In each of these departments, it ranks with the best. President Emeritus Angell is well known for his work in the Government Diplomatic service, and especially for the treaties which he has negotiated. There are also several other men of national fame connected with the University.

The University is supported by the State, and therefore the expenses of the students are lower than at most other schools. There is no dormitory system here, but the students room with private families, at a cost of \$1.50 a week up. There are a number of excellent boarding houses where board may be had at from \$3.50 to \$5.50 a week. Then, too, there are the fraternity houses, at which members may room and board. Michigan is said to have the finest fraternity houses in the country.

There is a yearly attendance of nearly 6,000, and the student body supports a Varsity team in football, baseball, track and tennis, as well

as class teams in basketball and hockey and the above named sports. If one is at all inclined toward athletics, there is a good chance to make a team in something.

Although this is a small place as compared with an eastern city, there is enough to do in spare time to keep one busy. A series of concerts given through the year, brings the best artists of the country to Ann Arbor. Then, too, there are two theaters, and a number of good parties are given by different organizations.

But perhaps the main point in Michigan's favor, is the true democratic spirit which prevails here. There are many good schools, but very few can boast of truly democratic principles. Michigan is, in reality, an eastern college in everything except spirit, and the spirit is western. The students at Michigan are more widely distributed, geographically than those of any other University, and this cannot but help to produce the true American spirit.

There are, of course, many other arguments that might be brought forward in favor of Michigan, but I believe I have mentioned the strongest. There are, at present three of us here from Taunton: Charlie Fisher, Wallace Tuttle, and myself, and we are all well satisfied. At first, it sounds as though it were quite a distance out here, but it really is not so far. Nine hundred miles, or about twenty-four hours in a train, is not an exceedingly long trip. There is a recess of sixteen days at Christmas, and another of about nine at Easter, besides the summer vacation, so, if one wishes, to there is chance enough to go home.

J. W. PLACE '09.

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THE TECHNIQUE RUSH

T*ECNIQUE* is the M. I. T. year-book. It is published by a board made up of members of the Junior Class and is issued at the beginning of Junior Week.

A well arranged volume of from four hundred to four hundred and fifty pages, bound in leather, it is undoubtedly one of the best college annuals published.

Technique first appears to the student body and public at the Technique Rush, when the copies are issued from a small window. Those entering the Rush struggle for the possession of the first twenty books, which contain the signature of the President of the Institute, and are numbered consecutively in gold characters. Five of these twenty are given away without charge.

This year the Rush took place in the vacant lot at the rear of the Copley Plaza Hotel. A shanty with a small window in it was set up, and a space was roped off in front of the window about twenty feet wide and a hundred feet long, with the shanty at one end, a six foot board fence across the middle and the starting line at the other end. The seventy-five or so contestants,

crowding and pushing against the rope that held them, were ready to do anything to get to the window. At the firing of the starting-gun the rope was dropped, and the struggling mob was let loose on the fence. The first copies were secured by two or three who managed to reach the fence ahead of the others and to vault it. When the others got to the fence there were so many "rushers" that they couldn't climb it for some time. It was funny to watch a head, arm, or leg stick up above the fence and, after a short struggle, fall back again on to the men below. Some of the fellows had their clothes torn, and many were quite scratched up. Finally the twentieth copy was secured, and the firing of a gun marked the end of the Rush.

The Rush attracts considerable attention around Boston, and a large crowd always gathers to watch the struggle for the books. Motion pictures were taken this year and shown about a week later at several of the Boston theaters, and subsequently all over the country.

T. H. S. 1912.

NOTES

WHY I CAME TO T. H. S.

HOYE—To reduce weight.

McADAM—For the ride.

BOYDEN—To know all the pretty girls.

DORIGAN—To team-up with Roster.

BEERS—Nothing special.

HARLOW—For exercise.

MISS GAFFNEY—To break the "absent" record.

HALLAHAN—To decorate the platform.

MISS Y. DAVID—To attract the freshmen.

MISS HAMMOND—To be giddy.

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APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

The gods will strew gems in abundance upon thee.

Miss Plunkett.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls.

R. Leonard.

Strange that all this difference should be
Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

The Hass Girls.

She floats upon the river of his thoughts.

G. Gates.

His heart was open as the day
His feelings all were true.

Syvertsen.

I am sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side.

M. Starrett.

Not swift, nor slow to change, but firm.

Goodrich.

Hitch your wagon to a star.

Tinkham.

I never was thought to want manners
or modesty either.

Miss Wheeler.

He is so good he would pour rose-water on a toad.

Neff.

Her little air of precision sits so well
upon her.

Miss Arnold.

A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty.

A. Galligan.

I have no taste of popular applause,
the noisy praise
Of giddy words as changeable as the
winds.

Miss Williams.

Too fair to worship, too divine to
love.

M. McIsaac.

Man delights me not, no, nor
woman either.

E. Waterman.

And her face so fair
Stirred with her dream, as rose-leaves
with the air.

M. Mackenzie.

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier
terms

Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle
heart?

Baylies.

He rushed into the field and on the
pigskin fell.

Goodrich.

He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.

Higginbotham.

Filled was the maiden's heart with
inexpressible sweetness.

A. White.

Write me as one who loves his fellow-
men.

Lockhart.

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'Tis rumored chocolate creams
Are the fabric of her dreams.

—A. Mendell.

I offered her a trotting horse.

—D. Robinson.

It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man.

—J. White.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true.

—Mather.

All may do what has by man been done.

—Class of 1913.

Is she not more than painting can ex-
press
Or youthful poets, fancy when they
love?

—D. Fox.

She wears the rose of youth upon her.

—H. Hodges.

Red as a rose is she.

—A. Seaman.

She soothes but never can enthrall my
mind.

—A. Poole.

Stately and tall he moves in the hall
The chief of a thousand for grace.

—P. Williams

Whose little body lodged a mighty
mind.

—H. Mader.

Life is a jest, and all things show it

I thought so once, but now I know it.
Greene.

None but herself can he her parallel.
M. Philbrick.

Style is the dress of thoughts.
Miss Allen.

I am always in haste, but never in
a hurry.

A. Crowley.

I was not always a man of woe.
Goodwin.

A honest man, close buttoned to the
chin
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart
within.

Johnston.

She reads much,
Is a great observer, and she looks
Quite through the deeds of men.
Miss Bostock.

She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

M. Conant.

Of simple tastes and mind content.
C. Fitzgerald.

Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
I. Lynch.

Come, my Corinna! come, let's go
a-Maying.

C. Pope.

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How shall we rank thee upon glory's
page,
Thou who art a soldier?

Phillips.

A sight to dream of, not to tell!
Graduation.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget
them all.

R. Crowley.

Her face, oh call it fair, not pale.
Miss Pierce.

For he on honey-dew hath fed
And drunk the milk of Paradise.
Strout.

The magic of a face.
Miss Waldron.

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of
an hour!
Senior Themes.

From the crown of his head to the
sole of his foot, he is all mirth.

Burns.

Heart on her lips, and soul within
her eyes.

Miss Gaffney.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough.

After Graduation

I awoke one morning and found
myself famous.
Hardy.

I'm a part of all that I have met.
Saunders.

When can his glory fade?
Smith.

I am not a man of many words.
McGrath.

He could wisely tell what hour o'day
The clock does strike, by algebra.
—Irving.

And still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all
he knew.

Lane.

'Tis as cheap standing as sitting.
—Sylvander.

He hath eaten me out of house and
home.

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
—Presbrey.

Whose face is this so musically fair.
G. Gifford.

If chance will have me King, why,
chance may crown me. *—Boyden.*

Away with him, away with him; he
speaks Latin.

Tinkham.

It's a scorching red hot bargain.
—Seaman and Hallahan.

And everybody said he was
A fine young gentleman. *—McGlynn.*



B. LOCKHART	H. COHEN	J. MATHER	E. G. BURNS
C. W. BOYDEN	P. COHEN	H. DUFFY	H. HIGGINBOTHAM
R. HALLAHAN	H. PRESBRY	J. SMITH	M. R. BULFINCH
			S. GOODRICH

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ATHLETICS

BEGINNING with the first call for football candidates in September, through a championship basketball season, and on with the victorious baseball team, Taunton High has had, indeed, a brilliant year.

FOOTBALL.

Captain Poole sent out a call for candidates almost as soon as school started. A large squad reported among whom were Boewe, Anthony, and Goodrich, veterans who took care of the back-field positions, and with their brilliant and dashing plays made the Orange and Black a source of fear to all opponents. Burns, at centre, played throughout the season in a steady, consistent manner, and with his past knowledge of the game was valuable in building up the centre of the line. Baylies, at right tackle with a year's experience, proved a source of strength to that side. Poole, captain and a veteran of three years, was a tower of strength at left end. His knowledge of the game, his strength, and his reckless skill made him feared by many an ambitious backfield. The new men, however, proved well able to take care of their positions. Smith, at left tackle, was light but quick on his feet, and always in the game. Park and Lincoln at the guard positions picked up a knowledge of the game in a very short time and were formidable against all attacks. Higginbotham, at right end, showed remarkable form throughout the season, making a worthy teammate for Poole on the other end. "Hig-

gy's toe" was also the cause of many a score for the Orange and Black. Irving, Lockhart, and Duffy played well at different times in the remaining back-field position. The other members of the squad who played creditably during the season were Manter, J. Williams, Marble, Cohen, White, Seaman, Lane, Gillon, and Harlowe.

The Orange and Black team made a great record during the season, not only in the number of games won, but in clean sportsmanship and team work. Credit is also due to Coach Macfarlane, and to assistant Coach Vail, both of whom worked hard for the success of the team. Although Taunton lost the championship of Southeastern Massachusetts to its fast and much heavier opponents, Durfee High of Fall River, yet they made a great showing in the important games. In the game with Durfee at Taunton, Durfee pulled out ahead in the last period by a score of 12-7 after each team had held the lead. It was a great game from the start, but the heavier weight of Durfee told in the end, and by steady line plunging and a successful forward pass Durfee crossed the line for the final score. In the second game with Durfee at Fall River, Taunton played their fast and heavy rivals to a standstill, tying the score, and all but winning, when Higginbotham's kick missed by a few inches only. The game was hard-fought throughout, and when the final whistle blew the score stood 6-6. In the first game with New Bedford played at Taunton, Taunton High won by a

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score of 18-0. This is the first time in several years that Taunton has been able to shut out New Bedford, and the big score rolled up was the result of stellar work by every member of the Orange and Black team. In the game at New Bedford, New Bedford played a much better game, and up to the last few minutes the result was always in doubt, Taunton finally winning out 13-6.

BASKETBALL.

The basketball season started very successfully under Capt. Lockhart's efficient leadership and the coaching of Kearns, the college star. Although Taunton failed to get a place as a contender for the state championship, yet they ended with the championship of Southeastern Massachusetts. The team was composed mostly of former players. Lockhart, captain and right forward, played a star game throughout the season running up a remarkable score against his opponents. Poole, who played left back and at centre, was a fast and furious player, often made sensational shots at critical moments and was always in the game. Boewe, at right back, was a steady and consistent player, always a hard man for the opposing forwards to get away from. Manter, who played for a time at centre, showed up in great form. He was skilful in pass-work and in caging the ball. Of the new men, Duffy, at left forward, showed great form. He was a hard, steady player, and, in the game to the finish, made an efficient running mate for Lockhart. The other men who played at times during the season were Higginbotham, Hallahan, Presbrey, W. Anthony, J. Anthony, and Seaman.

Taunton High lost their claim to contend for the championship of the state by a double defeat at the hands of Melrose High. In the first game Melrose won by a score of 29-28. It was one of the most exciting and interesting games ever played at the Y. M. C. A. From the first whistle the game was played in whirlwind style. One team would capture the lead only to be displaced by the other. Quick and clever passing combined with accurate shooting, characterized the work of both teams and, until the final whistle, the winner could not be picked. Melrose, however, won out, one point to the good. In the second game at Melrose, the Taunton boys were somewhat handicapped by the small playing surface, and proved to be no equal of the Melrose aggregation, going down to defeat 21-13. In the games for the championship of Southeastern Massachusetts, however, Taunton easily upheld its claim by defeating in two games its old rival and nearest contender, New Bedford High. In the first game at New Bedford, Taunton won out 27-25 after one of the most exciting games seen at New Bedford. In the second game, at Taunton, both teams hung close together until the second half. Then Taunton steadily drew away from their opponents and won 53-22.

BASEBALL.

Although the baseball season is not yet ended Taunton High has already made a great showing. The boys have, however, plenty ahead of them, for in order to win the championship of the Interscholastic League, Taunton must

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beat Attleboro twice and take the other contenders into camp in the remaining games. This task, however, the Orange and Black team is fully determined to accomplish, and, traveling at its present speed, ought surely to accomplish.

The team this year is practically a veteran one. Presbrey, with his past experience is pitching heady and skillful ball, and is also hitting at a good rate. Harry Higginbotham, at first base, is out for another year of stellar work, both in fielding and batting. Burns, at second is the same, steady player of former years, except that he is hitting the ball at a better rate than ever. Duffy, at short, is in his second year of high school baseball and is pulling off remarkable fielding stunts. In the outfield Smith, Goodrich and Manter, are romping around in their accustomed places. Smith is the heaviest slugger of the Taunton outfit, and is making a remarkable reputation as a

batter. Goodrich perhaps makes up somewhat for his falling off in batting by his ground covering ability. Manter, in right field, is combining hitting and fielding to such good purpose that he is easily outdoing his former record. Of the new players, P. Cohen and H. Cohen, as a battery, are playing great ball. Hallahan, at third, is passing fast and clever ball and is also hitting at a good rate. Gregg has developed into a heady and reliable player behind the bat. Lockhart, sub-infielder, plays a steady game. Mather, sub-outfielder, has also been playing in creditable form.

Aside from the first team games, the interclass games are producing much excitement and rivalry and ought to prove a recruiting ground for future first team players. Up to date the sophomores have carried all before them and are confident of taking first place.

NOTES

INFORMATION BUREAU FOR GIRLS.

I don't know whether he's out there or not.

You look stunning; go look in the glass.

What's the lesson in French

Yes, I'll let you take my needle.

See you at the Casino at two o'clock.

Oh! I think it perfectly horrid.

Mamy:—"Rastus, you good-for-nothing nigger, you done forget dat lard."

Rastus:—"Lord a massy dat lard was just so greasy, it done slipped ma mind."

In Algebra.

Prof:—What does $\frac{1}{x} + \frac{1}{x}$ equal Haywood?

Haywood:— $\frac{1}{2x}$.

Prof:—That so eh! One finger plus one finger ———.

Voice from rear:—Equals a foot.

SUNSET ON KEZAR LAKE

IT was nearing sunset. From our camp above the "Narrows",—as the sheet of water connecting the Lower and Middle Basins of Upper Kezar Lake is called,—the water lay darkening beneath the shadows of the overhanging pines, with never a breeze-fanned ripple to stir its surface. Supper over, and,—happily,—the dishes washed, one of the boys and I took our casting rods and rowed out on the lake to fish.

The swallows were gliding low over the water, dipping, rising above its surface, weaving fantastic patterns in the air, and snatching up the insects moving above the rushes. The bass were bug-hunting, too, rising here, there, everywhere, and starting ever widening circles across the surface. From over among the pads came the heavy rush and splash of a hungry pickerel, disturbing the lily blossoms by his swift lung, and setting them a-nodding in consternation. Far down the lake, the sharp cone of Mt. Kearsarge purpled under the long rays of the sun; nearer, the fire-scarred granite sides of old Baldface took on a cherry color; nearer still, the dusky woods grew vaguer and melted away into the shore line of the lake. Over all,—mountain, wood, and water, blazed the sunset sky, red, with crimson cloud streamers radiating from the yellow sun-center; the zenith, paler, with a purplish coloring merging into the gray of evening.

We soon began to fish. Our bait was an artificial "minnow," painted

white. It was rather interesting sport: we would cast out, our reels would whir-r-r and the bait would strike the water with a plop, which was the signal for reeling in. Even the white minnow was invisible in the black water, the quick, powerful jerk of a bass coming without warning. We would strike back, sometimes to find that the fish had not been hooked, at others to have the line come to life with a rush, and whiz off the reel as the startled bass tore through the water, only to be stopped by a steady thumb pressure.

Then the fun would begin, the fish alternately rushing away and jumping, sometimes freeing himself quickly, at other times coming to grief in the bottom of the boat. After catching enough fish for the morrow's breakfast, we pulled in the oars and let the boat drift.

Darkness had fallen. One great, white, planet beamed over Kearsarge and was reflected on the dark water; the new moon hung in the west above the distant ranges; and the myriad stars twinkled in the clear night air. Now and then a shooting star would stream across the sky, to blaze for a long instant and then to vanish.

Night noises were all around. A loon in the Lower Bay shrieked fiendishly and then laughed wildly at the clear echo of his own unearthly voice; a horned owl hooted from the nearer shore; a soft plop, plop, from the margin, told where a blue heron was still-hunting for frogs, while out of the air



MANAGER HATHAWAY	MANTER	WILLIAMS	BAVLIES	SMITH	DUFFY	COACH MACFARLANE
ANTHONY	LOCKHART	LINCOLN	CAPT. POOLIE	BURNS	COHEN	ROWE
IRVING	PARK	HIGGINBOTHAM		GOODRICH	SEAMAN	GILLON

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came the hoarse call of his little kinsman, the "squawk."

Sounds hung in the air,—the far-off barking of a fox, the distant plunge of a heavy fish, the dip, drip, dip, of a canoe paddle far out on the lake,—

almost impalpable sounds, felt rather than heard.

The uncanny magic of the night held us in its spell until the cold fog, slowly drifting in, sent us ashore to the camp.

W. A. H. '12.

THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

THE School Council, consisting of the Principal, four members from the senior room, and one member from each of the other rooms, was organized in the winter. The purpose of the Council is to bring about an interchange of views between pupils and teachers on important matters of school administration. Often it is necessary to make certain regulations about school work. High School pupils are certainly old enough to have regulations explained to them and to see the wisdom or,—let us speak frankly, as the Council teaches us to speak,—the lack of wisdom in such regulations. If the necessity of these regulations is seen, pupils heartily co-operate in carrying them out. Again pupils often see where improvements can be made in school. In many schools the power of initiation among pupils is very

greatly limited. When a pupil has a good idea, it is a decided loss to the school if the idea is not made known. A school council encourages the origination and expression of ideas.

Our Council has already made itself felt in forwarding the work on the school library; it has given advice on several matters connected with the Athletic Association; it has brought about the establishment of a school bank; and it has suggested to the Principal a change in the system of marking the regular report cards. Rank is now indicated on the report cards in the letters A, B, C, D, E. Later this marking may be changed to A+, A—, B+, B—, C+, C—, etc. Thus a few things have been accomplished. There is a large opportunity to help, and the School Council should continue its existence.

NOTES

FAVORITE BALLADS OF T. H. S.	"I Want to be a Regular Rah-Rah Boy"
SENIORS	TINKHAM
Duet, "Everybody Loves A Chicken,"	"You're a Great Big Blue-Eyed Baby"
HALLAHAN & LOCKHART	BAYLIES.
"Waltz Me over the Ballroom Floor,"	"I Don't Care," MISS STARRETT.
PRESBREY.	"Snookey Ookums," MISS ALLEN.
"I'm Afraid to go Home in the Dark,"	"Over and Over Again," MCGLYNN.
GOODRICH.	X ? ? — X — !! POOLE.

THE TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS for 1912-1913

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TEAMS

FOOTBALL.

Hathaway, Manager.		Subs.
Poole, (Capt.)	l. e.	Manter.
Smith,	l. t.	White.
Lincoln,	l. g.	Duffy
Burns,	c.	Irving.
Park,	r. g.	H. Cohen.
Baylies,	r. t.	Marble.
Higginbotham,	r. e.	Gillon.
Goodrich,	g. b.	Harlow.
Boewe,	l. h. b.	Williams.
Lockhart,	r. h. b.	
Anthony,	f. b.	

BASEBALL.

Boyden, Manager.		Subs.
Gregg,	}	Mather.
P. Cohen,		
Presbrey,	p.	H. Cohen.
Higginbotham,	1st base.	
Burns,	2nd base.	Leddy.
Hallahan,	3rd base.	
Duffy,	s. s. (Capt.)	
Smith,	l. f.	
Goodrich,	c. f.	
Manter,	r. f.	

BASKETBALL

Seaman, Manager.		Subs.
Lockhart, (Capt.)	r. f.	Duffy, l. f.
	Poole, c.	Higginbotham,
Boewe,	r. b.	Hallahan,
		Presbrey.
		Anthony, } l. b.
		Manter. }

NOTES

BU\$INE\$\$ MANAGER\$ JOY\$.

(Air: old oaken bucket).

How dear to my heart
I\$ the ca\$h of \$ub\$cription,
When the generous \$ub\$criber
Pre\$ent\$ it to view.

But the one who won't pay
I refrain from de\$cription,
So make \$ure, gentle reader,
That one i\$ not you.

Burns:—"All I need now is some poetry for the *Journal*. I'd like to get something sweet."

Hathaway:—"I've got a poem called 'The Beggar's Revenge.'"

Burns:—"I asked for something sweet."

Hathaway:—"Well, revenge is sweet."

We trust Mr. Marble is not so hard and cold as his name.

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Mr. Burns is supported by the most renowned company of stars ever gathered upon any stage. The cast includes:

MISS JULIA ALLEN, formerly leading lady with James K. Hackett in that gripping drama, "The Coal Heaver's Bride."

MISS ROSAMOND LEONARD, who has finally consented to break her contract with Robt. Mantell's Shakespearian players, with whom she has played the following parts:—"Hor-tense" in the "Hack Driver's Revenge," "Eve," and "Adam's Apple."

MISS MARY STARRETT, who has been procured at fabulous expense from the Edison Company where she has been playing the title role, in "What Happened to Mary."

(Three Reels a Week).

MISS HELEN HODGES, who for the past four years has supported Mr. Burns in the following plays: "The Ice-man's Only Daughter," and "The Battle of Bay Rum."

MR. JAMES WHITE (himself) with his slippery slide trombone, who played the title role in "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and who also starred with his own company for 400 nights in New York in that riotous comedy entitled, "Coming through with the Rye." Mr. White played the part of Dill Pickle Hientz, and was supported by a chorus of 57 varieties. This famous comedian will positively appear.

MR. SHELDON GOODRICH. This famous actor of the old school has played

successfully with all the world's best artists. His greatest success was scored in "Tinkham's Last Stand," a drama of the frozen North, in which Mr. Goodrich played the part of Swamp Root Sam.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIES, whose massive build and superb acting have caused him to be called the "John Bunny of Tragedy," will play the part of Royston Dalton, on Monday afternoon. (Ladies will kindly omit flowers, as Mr. Baylies is very bashful).

There next comes before me, Joseph McGlynn. He is seated in his Fifth Avenue residence trying to solve the problem of getting rid of \$5,000,000. Joseph's immense fortune was made from his inventions in the plumbing business, the greatest of which is a systematic method of cleaning pipes by crawling through them. Joe takes great pride in his vast Latin library which is said to be one of the largest in the country.

As the scene changes, I see the form of Miss Margaret Philbrick. She is seated in her beauty parlor directly across from the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. She is the most celebrated mas-seuse in all France, and caters only to royalty. Among her most able assistants are the Mlles. Annie Pierce and Madeleine French.

Looking closely into the ball, I see the figure of John Williams. Mr. Williams is now on night duty in New York harbor, where he is engaged in holding the torch for the Statue of Liberty. During the last four years, but one ship has

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been wrecked in the harbor. This happened one night, when Mr. Williams, carrying out the eight-hour law, dropped the torch when the nine o'clock whistle blew.

I next perceive Miss Doris Wheeler. She has just written a letter home from Munich, Bavaria, where she is employed as head governess in the royal family. Miss Wheeler is busily at work instructing the young Princess of Plesse in the manly art of self-defence.

There comes to me out of the gloom, the figure of the Hon. J. H. McGrath, President of the Seekonk Life, Fire, Boiler, Marine, Accident, and Plate Glass Insurance Co. (Have our agent call). Mr. McGrath recently called for a conference the great insurance men, to discuss the problem of insuring Brownell's Tin Shop. The meeting broke up in disorder.

I can hear the Angelus sounding in the Carmelite Convent in Normandy. Among the foremost nuns walking to the chapel are Mae Scanlon and Ellene Gaffney. What a complete change for two cheerful T. H. S. girls.

There next appears in the sphere the face of George Albert Poole. Mr. Poole has resigned his position as head of the U. S. Silver Company to enter the stocking business. He believes there is more money in *stockings*.

Ah! I can see now the vast columns of Corinth. Seated on a recently discovered statue of Neptune is Mr. Palmer Williams, America's greatest excavator. Mr. Williams will return home

in a month to give an extended lecture tour throughout the U. S. and Oakland.

I can see a large brick building in upper New York. It is the Washington Irving High School for girls. In the gymnasium, teaching the hundred girls the art of folk dancing is Miss Gladys Gates. Perhaps the best known of Miss Gates's dances are the Two-Step, and the Schottische Itch, the latter a parody on the Highland Fling.

There next appears before me the patent medicine king, Edward G. (Paris) Greene, the originator of Father Green's "Pain-killing Palatable Pink Pellets," for Colic, Barber's Itch, Heaves, Lock-jaw, Influenza, Crow's Feet, Cleaning Sinks, and Dyeing Old Kimonas.

There next comes before me a heavily veiled woman, whom I finally recognize as Miss Gladys Gifford. Miss Gifford has come to be known as the greatest woman detective in history. At the present time, with the assistance of W. J. Burns, she is on the trail of Arsene Lupin, who has robbed the National Bank of Podunk of \$100,000, 000.37.

There passes before my eyes the vision of Miss Annie Seaman and Elizabeth Waldron. Both these young ladies are setting Paris afire with their unique designs in millinery. They have branch offices in London, New York, and Vienna.

As I hold the ball closer to the light, I perceive the ever-smiling visage of Homer Tinkham. Homer has resigned his position as model for Charles Dana Gibson to become president of the

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Loose-Smiles Biscuit Company of Boston. Upon taking office Mr. Tinkham placed on the market a new biscuit, The Tinkham,—Be sure to "Takhoma Tinkham."

Gazing intently into the sphere, I observe the face of Miss Dorothy Fox, re-elected President of the United Federation of Women's Clubs. Miss Fox, in her inaugural address, laid special stress on the great work carried on by her association for exterminating yellow fever from Iceland.

As I slowly revolve the sphere, my eyes become fixed upon the drawing room in the palace at St. Petersburg. All the royalty of Europe are loudly applauding the dying notes of Rubinstein's Melody in F, which has been wonderfully executed by Miss Kathryn ine Park. Miss Park, after finishing her study of technique under Ysaye, Kubelic, and Maude Powell, has at last become the sensation of all Europe.

My eyes now wander to a large plain over which swarms a vast mob, who have come to witness the hair-raising feats of Messrs. Neff, Goodwin, and Phillips, America's three foremost aeronauts. These three reckless airmen are just about to perform their great "Dip of Death" in mid-air. All three will enter the trans-Atlantic flight for the MacAdam trophy.

As I rub my hand over the crystal surface, I perceive the forms of the Misses Mildred Conant and Edith Leonard, famed as the only women explorers of the African jungle. After an exciting experience in demonstrating

Taunton herring as food for the cannibals, these young ladies succeeded in capturing three Thingembobs and four Parallelobipeds. They then returned to Cape Town where they are starting a suffragette movement among the Kaf-firs.

I observe now the form of Miss Marion Bostock, who is at the height of her literary career. Miss Bostock has won world wide fame as a writer of mystery stories, her most celebrated books being "The House of the Thousand Shingles" and "The Man with Last Year's Derby."

Acres and acres of broad pasturage appear before me. 'Tis the realm of Harry Higginbotham, Maine's richest farmer. Mr. Higginbotham, who is president of the Grangers, was unable to attend its last convention at Bangor, owing to a severe accident. While he was planting potatoes, Mr. Higginbotham's whiskers became caught in the harrow, and his jaw disabled. This is the first time Harry has missed the convention in eighty-four years.

As the dim light casts a dull hue on my ball, I see the editorial room of a great New York newspaper. Seated at her desk in one corner of the office is Miss Marion Williams, who is revising her "Advise to the Lovelorn" column for the morning issue. Miss Williams gives special attention to inquiries from former high school pupils.

The crystal ball rocks as I see the head of Fred Mather emerging from the waters of Dighton Rock Harbor. Mr. Mather, who is employed as a

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diver by the Dr. Cook Wrecking Co., is engaged to raise the hulk of the historic Spanish treasure ship, the *Squabbelty*, in whose hold there is said to repose several million dollars worth of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Mr. Mather has already recovered the horse and buggy belonging to Captain Paul Manter of the sunken vessel.

Looking closer into the crystal globe, I can see the merry scenes of commencement day at Vassar College. Seated on the platform with the rest of the faculty are Miss Edith Waterman, teacher of Romance Languages, Miss Amy White, president of the Institution, and Miss Ruth Staples, instructor in Economics and Sociology, three honored positions for former T. H. S. girls.

I see a crowded court room. The vast assembly is listening eagerly to the heated debate between Joseph Strout, lawyer for Herbert Duffy of the Noiseless Soup Spoon Trust, and Roy Sylvander, who is attorney for Ralph (Cicero) Lincoln, head of the Smoky Valley Snow Shovel Company. Mr. Lincoln charges Duffy with infringing on his snow shovel patents. I can now see the "twelve good men and true," filing into the room, headed by their distinguished foreman, Carleton Saunders, who pronounces the verdict of "Guilty," in the first degree.

Surrounded by a train of flower girls and bridesmaids, appears the figure of Corinne Pope, who has just become the Duchess of Moskowski. The happy pair will soon leave on an extended tour through the Mediterranean to Cairo, where they will spend their

honeymoon at the Duke's ancestral chateau.

There next passes before my eyes the world's greatest aquarium at Wood's Hole. Dr. Raymond Seaman, director of the Institution, appears in his spacious laboratory, perfecting his new serum which will be of the greatest value in removing the adenoids from the Whoofen Poof. Dr. Seaman has already received three gold medals from the Institute of Beaux Arts, Paris, for his wonderful concoction for curing whooping cough among the African Walrus.

The glazed crystal brings forth a complete change of scene, that of an immense amphitheatre, in the middle of which is a raised arena. Amidst the cheers of the excited crowd, Rolf Syvertsen, the paper weight champion, can be seen standing nonchalantly over his fallen foe, "Red" McGinnis, "The East Side Bearcat." Mr. Syvertsen, whose ring cognomen is "Eric the Blood," bows in response to the cheers of the fans as he receives the diamond belt.

Pausing for a moment to give the ball another turn, I see plainly the shopping department of the Crowley and Crowley Mail Order House in Chicago. The founders of this Institution, Alice and Ruth Crowley, are directing the shipment of bungalows, modern farms, and Arabian horses. These young ladies have recently bought out the Sears-Roebuck Company, who could not compete with the modern business methods of the T. H. S. girls.

I next perceive the weekly meeting of the Siasconset Sewing Circle. The

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President, Miss Hazel Mader, has just received word that her two class-mates, Alice Galligan and Bertha Witherell, have safely arrived at Madagascar. From here they will go to Hong Kong on the last lap of their "round the world" tour.

I discern the smoke of the battlefield, and hear the thunder of the roaring cannon. 'Tis the most important event in the Mexican War, the Battle of Pocasset Junction. Ah! Clarence Boyden, general of the Insurrectos, has just gained a decisive victory over General Fredericos Irving, of the Rurale. Both of Mr. Irving's army were killed.

Far on the rolling wastes of Dakota, I see the little town of Ochipotomahock. This model city has received a prodigious boom under the guidance of Mayor May McIsaac and Chief of Police Abbie Mendell. These young ladies finally succeeded in breaking up the ring which was headed by ex-Mayor Kokolovitch, who had served for fifteen consecutive terms.

The pungent odor of oils and fats comes to my sensitive nostrils as I discern the huge soap plant of Raymond (Dinger) Hallahan, the sole manufacturer of Solid Ivory Soap. "It Sinks."

"Will not harm the most delicate skin,
Acts the same on brass and tin."

Mr. Hallahan's great success in the soap business is largely due to the secret formula which he obtained from Earl Jordan, the hermit of Whittenton Junction, for thirteen cents and a pair of woolen wristers.

The blazing sun throws its radiant beams over the Golden Gate and San Francisco, as I see Miss Edith Arnold gazing out of the window of her real estate office in the Call Building. Edith is very busily engaged sorting out her house lots, preparatory to the rush of 1915 home seekers. She finds time, however, to conduct a class in knitting and sewing. This class is now engaged in crocheting hot water bags for use among the Hottentots of Labrador.

Hard by the borders of Lake Winnetoesaukee, I can see the wide piazzas and well-kept lawns of a summer hotel. This hostelry is conducted by the Misses Fitzgerald and Mackenzie whose savory relishes and excellent service procure for them the patronage of the most exclusive tourists.

I can hear the shrill whistle of a Mississippi steamboat. It is the good ship *Robert E. Lee*, piloted by Captain John Smith. Mr. Smith, who has carried cotton up and down the Mississippi for fifteen years, was recently treated to an ice cream soda, in payment for his long service.

There next comes before me the interior of the Louvre, Paris. Many old high school pupils are endeavoring to force their way through the crowd, in order to cast a glance at the great cubist masterpiece, "Boy Scratching his Head," by the world's greatest painter and paper hanger, Mr. Bicknell Lockhart. Mr. Lockhart was recently awarded the Nobel prize for his wonderful work.

Seated before an immense mahogany table in the vast public library at

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Chicopee Falls are the forms of the two great Latin historians, Ida Lynch and Mary Mumford. These two young ladies will soon publish a book in Esperanto, on the lives of the great Latin authors, Cicero, Virgil, and Allyn Forbes, and also an abridged edition on the cultivation of spearmint among the *pink eyes* of Lakeville.

I can now see a large assembly in the hall of the NEW Taunton High School. "Rough" Ryder, principal of the school, is reading a letter to his pupils, which describes the great research work which is being carried on by the Misses Marguerite Monroe and Philomena Plunkett in the Egyptian labyrinths. The girls have already discovered several mummies, the most important of which is that of Malcolm Atkins, of the 15th dynasty.

I see, directing the pharmacists in the great New York laboratory of the United Drug Company, the figure of Harold Johnston, F. R. S. T., B. V. D., C. Q. D., W. X. Y. Z., who has gained world wide distinction by his famous prescription for strawberry shortcake. Mr. Johnston is considered the greatest chemist south of Terra Del Fuego.

The divers crystals of my ball reflect before me the form of a brawny blacksmith. 'Tis none other than Kenneth

Lane. "Pimp" is whistling cheerily at his work as he toys with his fifty pound sledge. At frequent intervals he can be heard reciting excerpts from Dr. Munyon's famous pastoral epic, "The Old Family Tooth Brush." "Pimp" is now engaged in forging the "pan" for the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

As the faint rays of the setting sun cast a sombre hue on my crystal ball, I peer into the sphere for the last time. There comes before me the gorgeous campus of the Nicaragua University of Fine Arts. As he gazes out from his laboratory window, I spot the visage of Irving R. Hardy. Bob is now taking a post graduate course in hydraulic bill posting. While at college, Bob has shown wonderful athletic prowess. He has been a brilliant forward on the Bean Bag team, and a lightning swimmer. His swimming success is largely due to his constant use of the "sunstroke," which enables him to take the barnacles off submarine boats.

So ended the interesting account of the fates of my class-mates, and when I was finally ushered out into the open air, and had made my way through the gay crowd, I made my way to my solitary abode, still pondering over the powers of the great wizard.

IRVING HARDY.

Manter:—What's the matter with your finger, Cohen?

Cohen:—"I got a splinter in it."

Manter:—Ah! I see. Scratching your head again, eh!

Teacher (to Noyes '15):—"Don't make that noise, Noyes, it annoys me."

Higginbotham (in Botany):—"What's your favorite flower, Baylies?"

Baylies:—"Pillsbury's Best."



CLASS OF 1913

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Ralph W. Goodwin.	E. Malcolm Phillips.	Palmer C. Williams.
Edward G. Greene.	Carleton Pontin.	Albert B. Woodward.
Raymond F. Hallahan.	G. Albert Poole.	
Irving R. Hardy.	Joseph H. Powers.	

*Summa cum laude.

††Magna cum laude.

†Cum laude.

NOTES

BITS FROM THE CLASSICS.

Boewe (for football next fall):—

"Let me have men about me who
are fat,
Sleek men and such as sleep o'
nights."

McGlynn:—

"The end's so near
It is all one
What track I steer
What work's begun."

Baylies (to the only girl):—

"A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou can
find,
That heart I'll give to thee."

Hallahan:—

"I could a tale unfold whose lightest
word
Would harrow up thy soul,
Freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars—
start from their spheres."

THE TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

THE CLASS ODE.

O happy high school days, so full of joy,
Of pleasant comradeship, and studious
aim,

Thy mem'ry Time's swift flight can
ne'er destroy;

With thee our tender love will e'er re-
main.

We leave thee in the joyous spring of
youth,

With courage high and hearts without
a fear.

O may thy lessons guide us toward the
truth,

To overcome defeat each passing year.

When courage fails, and cares all hope
repel,

When lowering clouds of doubt obscure
our sight,

Still may the mem'ry of thy joys dispel
That evil which surrounds us with its
night.

For, as our labor in our toil and strife,
So shall the fruitage of our harvest be;
And when we reach the autumn of our
life,

Then may we vict'ry for our efforts see.

Words by KATHRYN S. PARK:

Music by EDWARD G. BURNS.

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Lobsters boiled fresh every day

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Wholesale and Retail

TAUNTON ICE CO.

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